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"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives you complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, and your town, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 72. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1944

DOLLARS OF DESTINY

By ORVAL W. ADAMS
Executive Vice President of the Utah State National Bank

All through history, governments, by debasing their money systems, have multiplied their functions at the expense of the property, liberty and lives of their citizens. Representative republic have not been spared in this process of exploitation. Politicians of all persuasions are disposed to make public office a personal, vested interest. Parties in power are built up and maintained by the common practice of feeding their following out of the public treasury, creating printing press money to do so, giving little thought to the vital principle of sound money—the cornerstone of represeitative democracy. They discover that it contributes to their perpetuation in office, to find and exhaust new sources of revenue, to create more unproductive jobs as reward for the party adherents, to permit more and more to fatten on the public payroll to make more and more citizens economically dependent upon the public purse. By prolific spending of fiat money, they entrench themsedves in office. When once a party in powerful enough, by the application of such methods, to defeat or crush its opponents and to modify or nullify constitutional restrictions so as to extend its powers, then a representative republic is transformed into socialistic democrary and eventual dictatorship.

Suppose, that congress should, after the war, continue to ignore its constitutional responsibility and cease to operate as a check on government spending. Suppose that the politicians then in office should further perfect the trick of corrupting the public with its own money, and suppose that under the attractive philosophy of an "economy of abundance" promoted under the paternalistic government, a large portion of the population could continue to be so duped and deluded as to permit this unrestricted political spoilation of the national wealth, and suppose that the people could be led to continue to believe that is is possible to get something for nothing and join in the further systematic looting of the public treasury? What then?

Historians and the wisest political thinkers of all time have repeatedly given us the answer. In one voice they declare that that is precisely the manner in which all preceding domocracies have destroyed themselves.

We hear much today of the evils of capitalistic exploitation. If such evils exist, and they do and always have, all informed citizens will welcome their removal only by wise and just legislation. But what we should see to is that the hoped for cure is not more malignant than the disease. If we are to retain any vestige of the consent of the governed, we, like our fathers, must stand out against any effort to multiply the powers of government. It is this vigilance which will prove to be the price of our liberty.

Before the advent of this war, a race was being run, fraught with more vital consequences than any other in our time. It was the contest between sound education and regimentation. Regimentation took the lead, as it always has done when federal spending is out of control.

We shivered at the first sight of uncontrolled spending; we, too many of us, then embraced it and that is responsible at this very moment for the rearing of a debt structure of such unprecedented size that unless halted in the post war period it will pass the stage of safety, and solvency and must of its own weight, collapse, leaving among its ruins 150 years of free agency—a system that gave to the world a government characterized by Lincoln, as "of the people, by the people, for the people."

It can be safely asserted that in no other country on earth could the sound principles of economics have so ruthlessly been violated, as we have recently violated them, without suffering complete and absolute wreckage. Thanks to our endless and apparently inexhaustible resources, we have been able up to now, to meet our obligations and to remain solvent. The best proof that the American patterns of government is

(Continued on Page Three)

ROBSON RETIRING CHIEF MAKES ANNUAL REPORT

Nevada City, California.
August 31, 1944.

To the Members of the Nevada City Fire Department.

Comrades:

In rendering this report of the activities of the Nevada City Fire department, for the period in which I have been privileged to serve as its chief; I wish to thank the subordinate officers, and the members, for their whole hearted support, and their tireless efforts which have held the fire losses of our city to a minimum.

While our organization is composed of purely volunteer members, it represents a cross section of our citizens, of which Nevada City can well be proud.

Not only when the alarm of fire has been sounded do its members respond, but they stand ever ready to aid to the utmost, be it fair weather or foul, when the call for help is made, where life and property are endangered by elements or accident.

Many of our members are in the armed forces, ready and willing to serve the Flag of our nation, and fight for the principles for which it stands. Whether it be on the high seas of the Pacific, the rugged mountains of Italy, or the sands of the African desert; they demonstrate the same spirit to serve, as they did, while with us in the community they loved, and I know that you all join with me in a prayer: "May they all safely return."

The estimated loss by fire during the past year is approximately Seventeen Thousand Dollars, much of which was covered by insurance.

General alarms from alarm boxes were nine in number.

Sixty three calls by telephone were made requesting trash burning and chimney fires.

Last and most annoying were five false alarms rung in by juvenile pranksters, who did not realize the seriousness of the offense.

The Gamewell Alarm System is in good order, and the Fire Hydrants have all been tested, and are in excellent working condition.

In closing I wish to commend Comrade Herbert Hallett, for the excellent care of the equipment, and the neat and tidy condition of the Fire House also Mrs. Camille Hallett, his wife, for the faithful service she has rendered, in being ever present to answer all calls by telephone, making it possible to render the best of service, in the absence of an all time truck driver.

Again thanking all of the members for their courtesy and helpful suggestions. I still say that Nevada City is being served by a Volunteer Fire Department, second to none in Northern California.

Respectfully submitted,
W. G. ROBSON, Chief.

YOUNGSTERS FIND FISHING GOOD IN CITY LIMITS

School boys, 10 to 14, find that fishing is good within the Nevada City limits. Deer Creek and Little Deer Creek which flow through this city are yielding nice catches of trout to the indefatibagle youngsters.

Yesterday Boy Guy Brown, 14, reported a 14 inch trout caught within "holler" distance of the city hall. Day before, Robert Jamerson, 13, snagged a 16 incher just below the Miners Foundry in Deer Creek. Gawayne Harbour Thursday caught a string of five trout ranging in size from 8 to 10 inches. The youthful fishermen are using salmon eggs as a rule, though some of them have learned to cast a fly.

These catches were all made in the city limits. Fishing is somewhat sporadic for the reason that after 25 or 30 boys have whipped the streams within the city, it is necessary to wait awhile for the water to become populated by fish drifting down from the higher reaches. When this happens the school boys are first to notice it and open another campaign.

EXPRESS CO. FILE REVEALS MANY PIONEER NAMES

P. S. Burton of Dixon who owns a two story and a half building in North Bloomfield, is tearing it down for the lumber which is of better quality than can be purchased now. The building was constructed in 1865 and was a saloon in which was the Moores Flat and Eureka Express office. The lumber is being taken to Dixon.

Old files or way bills of the express company contain many names of prominent pioneers, a great many of whom have passed on. In the list were noted, J. Glasson, Helwiz and Trood, Gen. Dobbis, C. P. Eastin, R. S. Skidmore, Mrs. William Kallenberg, H. Hollarus, hotel man; Frank LaDu, F. L. Arbogast, school teacher, W. L. Mobley, store keeper, Mrs. Maloney, A. Bevins, R. Carter, Dr. DuMillieu, R. N. Currier, Dan Powers, Ed Cummins, Theo. Wetzell, Thomas Woon, Ida Penrose, etc. Articles were sent from Legg and Shaw hardware firm and other local business houses. Articles sent out and received were, dust (gold dust) coin, sealed envelopes, window, box tapers, bread, buggy, oilcloth, roof safe, trunk, valise, which was left at Lake City ,two sacks rice from Hee Kee to Ah Mow, one mat and four boxes to Yet Hing, box of birds to Eugene Buckley a son to A. R. Skidmore, watch to Joe McGregor, box of eggs, ice, to S. Bevins, hat box, etc. Coin and dust were often mentioned. There were many Chinese miners in that section and their names appear often.

DEER HUNTING SEASON WILL BE GOOD ANYWHERE

Game Warden Earl Hiscox yesterday declared that prospects for the deer hunter in Nevada County could not be better when the season opens next Saturday. He said that as far as he could judge deer are evenly distributed throughout the county.

"I believe there are just as many deer in the southern and western end of the county, among the stock ranches and farms as there are in high mountains," said Hiscox. "Everywhere I go I either see deer or see their tracks. It will be a good season for deer hunters anywhere in the county. There are fully as many of them as last year, and possibly more. The fact deer can be found in the lower elevations should save many hunters a lot of gas and time this year."

VISITOR IN CITY PASSES AWAY SUDDENLY

Leo. J. Duffy, of Springfield. Illinois, passed away suddenly in a Grass Valley hospital, while here on a visit to his brothers, Michael and Frank Duffy.

Leo Duffy, with his sister, Mrs. Earl McKennedy, arrived only a week ago. Pending funeral arrangements the body is charge of Holmes Funeral Home.

The deceased was 31 years of age, a native of Springfield, Illinois. Bereaved are his mother, Mrs. C. E. Lovely of Springfield, his father, Hugh Duffy of Des Moines, Iowa, and the following brothers and sisters, Thomas William and Mrs. McKennedy, all of Springfield, Mrs. Jos. Miller of Rochester, Ill., Hugh Duffy of Desmoines, Iowa and Frank and Michael Duffy of Nevada City.

CHMA MEETS

The California Hydraulic Mining Association held its September meeting yesterday afternoon in the Bret Harte Inn. Luncheon at 1 o'clock was followed by the business meeting. W. W. Esterly, secretary states that important business is to be considered and that it wont be long before "we get back to mining."

MANY RURAL SCHOOLS OPEN TODAY

Walter Carlson, Nevada County superintendent of schools yesterday announced opening dates for the following rural schools and teachers who will take charge:

Blue Tent, July 17, Mrs. Lydia Gleason.

Clear Creek, Sept. 5, Mrs. Dorothy Pascoe.

Kentucky Flat, Sept. 5, Mrs. Rose Beck.

Lime Kiln, Sept. 11, Mrs. Doris Rush.

North San Juan, Sept. 5, Mrs. Clara B. Nelson, principal.

Oakland (Gold Flat), Sept. 5, Mrs. Irma Atkins, principal; Mrs. Alice Thibault.

Truckee, Sept. 5, P. R. Nelson, principal, Mrs. Evelyn Bennetts, William J. Martin.

Union Hill, Sept. 5, Mrs. Ethel S. Willits, principal, Mrs. Ann Partington, Mrs. Theresa Lambrecht.

Wolf, Sept. 5, Mrs. Naoma Wren.

Meodaw Lake High, Sept. 5, G. E. Hofmann, principal, Truckee, John E. Brandlin. Mrs. Josephine Converse, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Dorr.

Bear River, Sept. 11, Miss Fern Rolph.

Birchville, Sept. 11, Mrs. Carmel Kearney.

Cherokee, Sept. 11, Mrs. Florence Harper.

Chicago Park, Sept. 11, Mrs. Olive Kallenberger.

Forest Springs, Sept. 11, Mrs. Grace Conway.

Indian Springs, Sept. 11, Mrs. Merle Hamon.

Rough and Ready, Sept. 11, Mrs. Kathryn Carlson.

Emergency School, Sept. 11, Mrs. Loveta Hornsby. (Mooney Flat).

Pleasant Valley. The opening date has been delayed because to date the trustees have been unable to secure a teacher.

NEED FOR 120 CIVILIANS TO WORK AT BEALE

CAMP BEALE, Sept. 11 — Need for an additional 100 to 120 civilian workers at Camp Beale became imperative this week with the opening of a new 9th service command fourth echelon automotive repair shop.

With 2000 vehicles on hand, and others due to come in steadily, the new shop will make a tremendous contribution to the war effort through the processing and reconditioning of the vechiles for direct shipment to units overseas.

Such reconditioning will greatly aid the army's procurement program and assist materially in supplying troops on the battlefronts with badly needed vehicles.

So as to make immediately possible the maximum operation of the vitally needed installation, a campaign for recruiting the necessary workers from Marysville, Yuba City, Grass Valley N,evada City and adjacent communities has been launched by Beale's civilian personnel office, with Maj. T. B. Carson and Lt. C. A. House in charge.

The United States employment service in Marysville and other communities is cooperating in the drive to obtain the workers, and information concerning the positions and rates of pay may be obtained either from the U. S. employment o-f fices or at the civilian personnel office in post headquarters at Beale.

So as not to interfere with the agricultural emergency, workers in canneries or orchards are asked not to apply for the new jobs until after the canning and harvesting season ends.

Jobs to be filled include those of mechanics, parts men, fender men, body men, laborers, drivers and welders, and as a training program will be initiated, experience is not the prime requisite.

Women workers are equally as acceptable as men workers, and they will not be required to do heavy labor or lifting.

A. R. Kirkpatrick of Sebastopol, and brother of Mrs. C. E. Bosworth arrived Wednesday to spend a week visiting his sister and husband on Gold Flat.

JAPAN'S LONG TIME EXPANSION PLAN REVEALED

Documentary evidence, hitherto unpublished, which proves that Japan entered World War I for the sole purpose of extending her holdings in the Orient at the expense of Germany, and not merely as an ally of Great Britain, has been unearthed by Dr. Charles R. Hick, head of the department of history and political science at the University of Nevada.

A summary of the facts contained in these documents, the original copies of which remain in the files of the British Foreign Office in London, has been set forth by Dr. Hicks in a pamphlet soon to be published under the auspices of the U. of N research committee.

This is the first of a series of publications planned by the University of Nevada Press.

Eminent historians and scholars to whom Dr. Hicks sent advance copies of his article acknowledged the importance of the information by stressing the fact that in the light of Dr. Hicks' discoveries certain formerly held theories and conclusions regarding Japan's rise to power since the last war will now be subject to complete revision and re-valuation.

For many years a recognized authority on Japanese affairs and problems of the far east, Dr. Hicks lived for two years, from 1916 to 1816 in Japan.

His personal knowledge of the situation at that time, together with years of research, led him to agree with historians who questioned Japan's role in the first world war.

Existence of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, as revised in 1911, gave credence to the assumption of most scholars that Japan entered the war solely at the request of Great Britain to aid in controlling armed German merchantmen who reportedly were hampering Englis hcommerce and shipping in the east, and documents which had been published since the war from the files of the foreign office held nothing to refute this assumption.

However, careful research had revealed that there was a gap of about ten days—August 5-15, 1914, in the sequence of published documents and of communications between the members of the diplomatic staffs of both Japan and Great Britain, and Dr. Hicks was among those who believed that those ten days held the key to the problems which had puzzled historians for 30 years.

Through the cooperation of the New York office of the British information service, summaries and quotations from the files of the foreign office, taken from communications which passed between Sir Edward Grey, then British secretary of foreign affairs, and Sir J. Jordan, British minister in Peking, and the representatives of the Japanese government in London and Tokio, were obtained by Dr. Hicks.

From these documents, which covered the ten day period heretofore missing in the sequence, the evidence clearly indicates that Japan became a belligerent nation in the conflict of her own violition and not upon specific request from England.

Among the historians who received advance copies of the new material were Harley McNair of the University of Chicago; A. W. Griswold, director of foreign area studies at Yale Univefsity; George B. Blakeslee of the department of history and international relations, Clark University; and Kenneth Colegrove, professor of political science at Northwestern University.

State Forestry Division Has Busy Week

Robert Carr fire dispatcher for the State Division of Forestry headquarters here, reported yesterday that all fires reported Friday and Saturday are either under control or extinguished. The fire in Canyon Creek in the Wolf-Lime Kiln district burned but 80 acres. The fire at Higgins Corners, which burned on both sides of the Auburn Highway, 9 miles southwest of Grass Valley, was controlled Saturday. During Friday and Saturday approximately 250 firefighters were employed by State Fire Warden William Sharp in fighting brush and grass fires.

HIGH SCHOOL STAFF CHOSEN SCHOOLS OPEN

H. E. Kjorlie, superintendent of the Nevada City Unified School District, states that all vacancies on the high school faculty had been filled.

The staff for the coming term, opening Monday, consists of Charles F. Parsons, vice principal; Miss Evelyn Corr, English and foreign languages; Mrs. Adelaide Elliott, commercial subjects; Mrs. Isabel Helfelfinger, hygiene; Miss Janice Judd, choral music; Franc Luschen, instrumental music; Mrs. John Larue, history and English; Mrs. Constance Pfiffer, science and mathematics; Mrs. Margaret Stevens, English; and girls physical education; Miss Peggy Vincent, homemaking subjects; William Tamblyn, boys physical education; Charles F. Parsons, mechanical drawing and shop.

Members of the elementary school teaching staff were reelected.

FOUR FIRES ON FRIDAY TAX ALL FIGHTER FORCES

Four fires raged Friday in Nevada County all in the jurisdiction of State Fire Warden William Sharp. A grass and brush fire near Higgins Corners, nine miles southwest of Grass Valley on the Auburn highway, was still out of control on Saturday morning after burning over some 800 acres.

There was a blaze at Pet Hill, a mile east of Smartville, another on Wolf Mountain, between Lime Kiln and the McCourtney Road. These two were quickly controlled and burned only a few acres.

Fire broke out shortly after three o'clock Friday on the Austin Boreham ranch along the Banner Ridge Road in the general vicinity of the Lava Cap Road. It burned approximately 40 acres before being placed under control. A general alarm was sounded in Nevada City, and the city fire crew joined the State Division of Forestry crews and Tahoe national forest fire fighters to bring the blaze under control late Friday evening.

HUNTERS CHASE ANTELOPES IN MODOC COUNTY

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11.—California's third antelope season opened Seutember 8 in portions of Modoc, Lassen and Shasta counties. Permits have been issued by the State Division of Fish and Game to 500 applicants whose names were drawn at a legal lottery held in Sacramento on August 11th. A total of 3910 persons had applied for permits.

This antelope hunt will controlled with checking stations established at Alturas, Cedarville, Fall River Mills, Litchfield, Perez, Ravendale and Susanville. Hunter report in and out at these stations, and are given every assistance by employees of the Bureau of Game Conservation on duty there.

During 1942, 452 hunters took 405 antelope and 47 hunters failed to get his buck. During 1943, the same number of hunters were in the field but only 362 animals were taken; 90 hunters not being successful. Each year 48 of those issued permits did not go hunting for various reasons.

SEEKS EARLY DAY RELATIVES

Tom Yocum, native of Galena, county seat of Stone County, Missouri, was a Nevada City visitor Thursday and while here attempted to locate early day relatives. Two of his uncles left Missouri in the gold rush period of 1849. His father, ten year old orphan, was left to care for his sisters and promises were that he would hear from them but he never did. Yocum is visiting a nephew, Lowell Moore, in Sacramento. Tom Yocum has never been farther west than Wichita, Kans., and is enjoying his trip.

Nevada City Nugget

305 Broad Street. Phone 36.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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"V-3"

The nazi beast lies cornered and fatally wounded in the trap woven by allied military retribution, but before it expires, it seems determined to wreak as much destruction as its waning strength allows.

That seems to have been the original purpose of the indiscriminate robot bombings of non-military objectives in southern England, and it seems to be the present purpose of the vaunted new secret weapon, "V-3" about which the Germans have dropped dark hints.

If the new weapon turns out to be poison gas, as nazi propaganda suggests, the Germans will learn that their own determined terrorism is a flming, two-edged sword.

For Hitler and his henchmen, the resort to outlawed and terroristic weapons will make little difference, probably, in their fate. Their guilt is too great and too well substantiated to admit of much forgiveness by the Russians, the Poles, the British and others they have wronged and gravely injured. The German people, however, have much to lose from the blind, convulsive lashings of the nazi leaders in their last throes. The world will look with cold eyes upon a nation of people who allowed, without protest, such unprecedented savagery and useless slaughter. The world will long compare that record with the record of Frenchmen who kept up the fight—a losing fight, for four long years—to final victory against such leadership.—Contributed.

BOY SCOUTS APPRFCIATE CAMP PAHATSI

Scouts who attended the Tahoe Area Council's Pahatsi camp near Soda Springs have given every indication of their appreciation by their participation in taking care of the property, according to those who served in this year's camp staff. Verbal expression has been given through the medium of conducting a contest which involved the writing of a 250 word composition entitled: Why Scouts Appreciate Camp Pahatsi. A board of judges, consisting of members of the camp staff read through a number of these compositions and the prize, a free week's stay at the 1945 camp, was won by Scout Bill Landis, of Troop 10, Auburn. His article follows:

Why Scouts Appreciate Camp Pahatsi. The many scouts in Camp Pahatsi really do appreciate the splendid opportunity offesed to them at this boys camp. Each year the camp grows and more scouts can have the advantage offered to them here. Most of the scouts work during the summer and are only too glad to get away from the work and toil of summer life. While they art in camp they have time to enjoy such sports as boating, swimming, baseball, hiking, horseshoes and other games. In such as this, is also offered leadership and advancement to the scout who wishes to make something of himself instead of frittering all of his time. He learns to mingle with others and learns the meaning of keeping his belongings neat and in place. Another thing all of the scouts appreciate is the advantage of having many good leaders who give their time to every scout's advantage. The price of camp is one of the very lowest in California. Some camps charge twice as much. Scouts have every reason to enjoy and appreciate Camp Pahatsi and it is apparent and certain that they all do.

Nevada County Reunion In Oakland Next Sunday

The annual reunion of former Nevada county residents will be held in Mosswood Park, Oakland, September 17th. Lowell Arbogast is president and Edward Morehouse, secretary the Nevada County Reunion Association.

Despite war's handicaps there was a large attendance last year and the committee in charge of arrangements expects a representative attendance this year. It is hoped there will be a big delegation of Nevada County residents present next Sunday.

GRAND PRESIDENT TO BE GUEST

Manzanita Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West will entertain Mrs. Emily Ryan of San Francisco, grand president of the order, on the evening of September 26th.

Mrs. Ryan will be guest of honor at a dinner tendered her in the Bret Harte Inn, for which reservations are now being made with a committee consisting of Mrs. Wilena Wolf, Mrs. Pauline Patterson and Miss Dorothy Hayes.

POST WAR CONSTRUCTION OF NEV. COUNTY PROJECTS TO COST $600,000

A subcommittee of the California legislature's senate post war construction committee convened with representatives of Nevada County and the county's cities and school districts in the court house Friday and heard post war plans of structures, roads and bridges that in the aggregate, if and when built, will amount to $600,000.

The committees consisting of Senators Jesse Mayo of Calaveras, Charles Brown of Inyo and Jerrold Seawell of Placer county, began the hearing of Nevada County plans at 10 oclock in the supervisors room.

County Clerk R. N. McCormack related that the county desires to build a new addition to the county court house to cost $50,000 a new wing to county hospital to cost $50-000 especially for the care of war veterans and their families, to construct a parking lot near the court house at a cost of $2,000, to reconstruct seven miles of the Bloomfield road, including the Edwards Crossing at a cost of $105,000 and possibly to replace the old covered bridge at Bridgeport on the South Yuba river at a cost of $70,000 to $80,000. Total county projects for the post war period would amount to $287,000.

Mayor Ben Hall of Nevada City stated that plans had been made to build a new storage warehouse back of the city hall, fronting on Spring street, to cost $4,500 and Edwin C. Uren, city engineer, outlined a plan to build new reservoirs on the slopes of Banner Ridge to cost $7,500.

Projecst for Nevada City would total $11,500.

Gilbert Tennis, Grass Valley superintendent of schools, reported that the James S. Hennessy school ground must be paved at a cost of $4,000, additions of three or four rooms to the elementary schools will cost $25,000, a new cafeteria $35,000, a retaining wall around the grounds of the high school will amount to $5,000, and improvements to elementary school playgrounds will cost $4,000. Street improvements in the vicinity of the high school, Tennis said, would cost $5000 to $10,000. He estimated that projects outlined for Grass Valley school improvement would amount to $100,000.

H. E. Kjorlie, superintendent of the Nevada City Unified School District presented three projects, a new wing on the high school to house a cafeteria, to cost $50,000, a handicraft shop for the elementary school to cost $50,000 and improvements in the playground of the same school, including additional land, to cost $15,000 or a total for Nevada City schools of $115,000.

Sen. Jesse Mayo, chairman of the subcommittee stated that representatives of Truckee and Grass Valley municipalities, who had been unable to be present at the meeting to present their plans for post war construction, could mail them to him at his home in Angels Camp, Calaveras County, but that he would have to have them by November 1st.

Loyal Freeman, manager of the 17th Agricultural District Fair, said that preparations had been made to spend approximately $40,000 on building a steel fence around the fair grounds adjacent to Garss Valley and construction of an auditorium and an administration building. This would not require any state or federal aid, however, as such expansion is provided for in the act creating the districts.

SANDOW HEADS FIRE DELEGAES

The Nevada City Board of Fire Delegates, following its reorganization for the current year, announced that Fire Chief Vernon Sandow, has been chosen chairman of the board.

Nevada Hose Company delegates chosen are W. C. Perry, Carl F. Steger, E. J. Ott, and M. D. Coughlin. Pennsylvania Engine Company delegates are Albert S. Bates, Garfield Robson, Ernest Young, and John Tognarelli, Miles Coughlin was reelected secretary.

SNOW TENT RIFLE CLUB

Members of the Snow Tent Rifle Club are making plans to enjoy a deer hut on opening date, September 16th. There are fifteen members in the club but many are away in service or working in war plants in the bay region. Sheriff C. J. Tobiassen and Deputy Sheriff Carl Larsen will be among those at camp the first day. Hunting is done often with dogs due to the mountainous, heavily wooded country. Guests have been invited to hunt with members.

NEW FARM CENTER AT SAN JUAN

Wright Copeland has been elected chairman, and Mrs. Helen Widauf, secretary of new Farm Bureau center organized here last week.

To help in the organization K. J. Rolph, Farm Bureau president, and a group of Farm Bureau members visited North San Juan September 8th, and gave a summary of the principles and objectives of the organization. The movie, Blessings of Grass was shown.

DRUNKEN DRIVER FINED $100

Following a plea of guilty to driving while intoxicated, D. T. Tye of San Francisco was fined $100, and his driver's license taken up by Justice of the Peace Charles Morehouse Wednesray. Tye was arrested Tuesday night by Grass Valley police.

NEWS FROM THE FOREST RANGER

DOWNIEVILLE, Sept. 11—Darrel M. Traugh assistant regional forester in charge of personnel management, P. D. Hanson assistant regional forester in charge of timber management and R. E. Lane, from the regional office in San Francisco, paid a brief visit to the Downieville district on Monday, in company with Guerdon Ellis forest supervisor, and D. G. MacBean forest engineer, to look over the Brandy City access road, the Calida company mill and operations.

Forest engineer, D. G. McBean, accompanied by district ranger, F. B. Delaney and Jaseph P. Poggi, made a trip to Poker Flat on September 4, to meet County Supervisor A. Modglin, for the purpose of looking over a proposed bridge site across Canyon Creek at Poker Flat, for construction during the post war period.

No. 4419
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF ADRIANO MELCHORI, also known as A. MELCHORI, also known as ANDRIAN MELCHOIR, also known as ADRIAN MELCHIOR, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Theodore A. Kohler, Jr., as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Adriano Melchiori, also known as A. Melchoir, also known as Adrien Melchoir, also known as Adrian Melchior, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent to file them with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Nevada, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice to the said Theodore A. Kohler, Jr., at the Law Offices of Wm. J. Cassaettrai, 208 West Main Street, Grass Valley, California, the same being the place of business in all matters connected with the state of Adriano Melchiori, aliases, deceased.

THEODORE A. KOHLER, Jr.
Aiministrator with the Will Annexed of the Estte of Adriano Melchiori, aliases, deceased.
WM. J. CASSTETTARI, Attorney for Administrator.
First publication: September 4.
Sept. 4, 11, 18, 25.

For Real Enjoyment Eat MEAT

Our patrons find that despite rationing and wartime conditions the quality of our meats measures up to the same high stadnards we have always maintained. Our meats come from the best cattle, lambs and swine that money can buy. Our service to our patrons is built on a foundation of high quality and reasonable prices. Ask your neighbors about us. They will tell you.

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Regular meetings the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the month, at the Grammar School Auditorium. 2:30 p. m.
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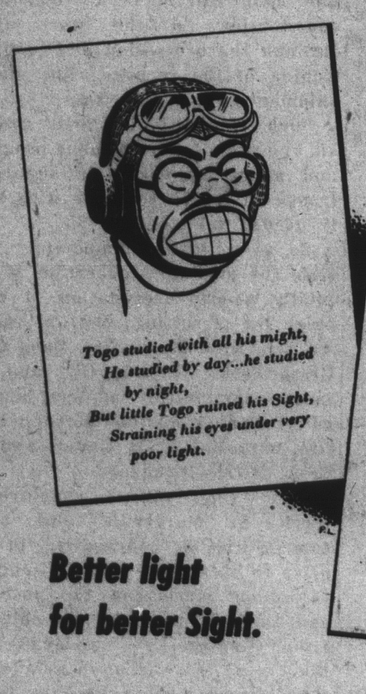
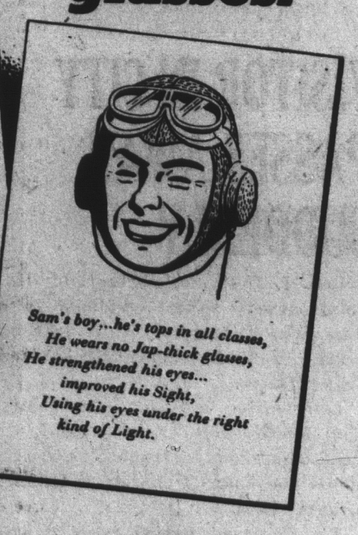


Togo studied with all his might,
He studied by day...he studied by night,
But little Togo ruined his Sight,
Straining his eyes under very poor light.



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He wears no Jap-thick glasses,
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DOLLARS OF DESTINY

(Continued from Page One)

sound is that it was able to endure in the pre war years, under the greatest orgy of peace time spending that any government in any period had ever attempted in the history of civilization and then to become the arsenal of democracy to save the world. As much as our present indebtedness alarms us, it is our apprehension of the trend after the war that overwhelms us.

Government borrowing in the final analysis is nothing more than deferred taxation, deliberately deferred by politicians, in all parties, so as not to incur the wrath of the tax conscious voting public.

It ought to be burned into the consciousness of every citizen that the first line of defense in a free country is a balanced budget.

Let us dismiss any gay optimism clearly intended to charm and disarm us. The time calls for action—speedy action, intelligent action, determined action—even at this time before the conflict ends. It must be organized action while action is still possible; before we, too, are robbed of our weapons; before we lockstep undeh the whip of a despotic government that may continue to sing mock praises to a defunct Constitution. The name "democracy" will be maintained but its substance will have departed. What to do? We must map out our course for peacetime enactment. We must select a few fundamentals upon which to rebuild. What are they? They may be stated briefly.

1 Re-establish the abandoned control of the budget under an official whose term of office shall be for ten years; who shall be authorized to check all requisitions from any and all sources for moneys to be paid out of the public treasury, confining all such disbursements to those specifically authorized and approved by congress, and in such amounts, in such manner for such purposes as congress has specifically stipulated.

2 Strip all federal agencies, irrespective of name or description, of the power to create obligations for any purpose or under any circumstances, except by direct congressional sanction.

3 Call upon congress to function as the one exclusive authority to contract public indebtedness—the only one authorized to determine what money is needed to meet the current expenses of government and to anticipate future obligations; to be the only borrowing or bonding federal agency, as prescribed by the Constitution.

4 Change the bookkeeping system of the United States and all its subdivisions so that it will be complete, intelligent, honest; so that it will reveal, and not conceal, our actual financial condition.

5 Make government withdraw from the competitive field against its own taxpaying citizens; to continue to regulate and supervise, justly and constructively, but not to participate in the manifold affairs and transactions of business.

6 Restore to the states their once proud position as independent commonwealths supporting their own enterprises, providing for their own worthy ones in need, and remaining safely within their own income.s

7 Maintain the tax conscious electorate. This self reliant army composes America's best citizens. That this government is worth saving, all decent citizens will admit. In order to save it, all must pay on an equitable basis for its preservation. Those who are not assessed to perpetuate it, will never be conscious

The crying need for the restoration of all these keys to honest, solvent and humanitarian government seems so obvious as to require neither comment nor defense.
of its priceless worth.

8 Take and keep all relief out of politics.

But perhaps one statement at this point is necessary. It has to deal with relief. Let no citizen be naive enough to believe that a change of government will solve that problem overnight, because the technique of capitalizing the relief vote has been so perfected that its vote getting efficiency so clearly established that politicians of the future, if left unhampered, will be disposed to continue the tricks and ruses employed by the politicians of the present. Unless then relief operations and control are decentralized, taken away from Washington and placed under state control, our elections will be mere contests in the purchase of the votes of the distressed, tnd our system of government with its free, coordinating checks and balances, will be doomed. Our worthy needy must be taken care of, but not corrupted.

This is sound doctrine, because at the close of the war, the states and their subdivisions, will largely be debt free, while the government will be burdened with a debt nearly equal to the total national wealth.

We must know that the destruction of savings and the starvation of production brought on by ever increasing government doles and deficits will mean ultimately the loss of our capacity to take care of the needy. It is the thrifty citizen and not the government that must and does provide the money for this purpose. Finally, the interests of those on relief are identical with the interests of all thrifty Americans. And why? Because government cannot continue to care for the needy once the capacity of the thrifty, saving people of America has reached the dead end.

The eight points mentioned are simple fundamentals of a sound, solvent, represetative government. We and all like minded. discerning citizens must declare and contend, without compromise, for their immediate restoration and operation in the affairs of our federal government.

These are not idle words when we declare that the fathers handed down to us the instruments of freedom, shaped on the anvil of experience, providing these safeguards for solvent government. Are we disposed and determined to transmit them, unimpaired, to those who are to follow us, who will bear our names, and who, too, claim the right to be born in a land of individual freedom and liberty; to live under a Constitution that has full meaning; and to behold the Stars and Stripes as an enduring, intellectual, spiritual and political triumph? Men have struggled throughout the centuries, up from serfdom to freedom, in which we now bask. It lies in our power to determine the fate of these unborn generations. What we now do will prove to be a powerful factor in deciding not only our own future but also the nature of the legacy to future America. Will it be the despoitism od debt or the security of government solvency?

SG. FOUYER HOME FROM BATTLES IN SOUTH PACIFIC

Sgt. Ainsley Fouyer, who enlisted in May 1942 in the U. S. marines, went with the Second Division into the South Pacific August 23 of the same year, called his cousin, Mrs. Carl Tobiassen, Thursday evening from San Francisco. He told her he had just arrived from the South Pacific with 500 other marines and was being sent to San Diego for a two weeks quarantine. After that he will visit his mother, Mrs. Estelle Fouyer, a couple of days in Oakland and then will come to Nevada City where he was born and reared.

One of the first battles he was in was Guadalcanal and he saw service in the Solomons, in February of this year. His 22nd birthday was spent there and it was also his third Christmas away from home. He was very homesick as he had seen many months of fighting the Japs.

After the battle of Tarawa early in May he was sent with other marines to Hawaii to rest as it was considered one of the toughest battles of the war.

When he left there he wrote they would not hear from him for some time. Many little islands among them Fiji were occupied by his division of marines, at this period. He contracted dengue fever in New Zealand and had to be hospitalized for a time. Regaining his strength he was sent with his division into the battle of Siapan. Shortly after the marines took the islands he suffered another attack of fever, Ainsley, a husky six foot youth, lost many pounds of weight.

He has an album of pictures he has taken on his travels and will also bring home souvenirs from many of the South Pacific islands.

He lived with Sheriff and Mrs. C. J. Tobiassen, attending local high school and later went to work in the nearby mines until his enlistment.

Camp Stew For Grass Valley Elks September 13

The clubrooms of the Elks Building in Grass Valley, redecorated and renovated during the summer vacation will be opened again September 13th with the annual fall get-together social event, when a camp stew will be served in the banquet room.

The dinner will be in charge of the social committee headed by Brooks Hartman and the chef will be Police Chief Ben Jenkins.

Those who took charge of the interior renovation of the club rooms were Matt DePauli, James C. Tyrrell, Ernest George, W. T. Garland, Ray Pengelly, Stuart Chalmers, C. R. Church and Jack Walsh.

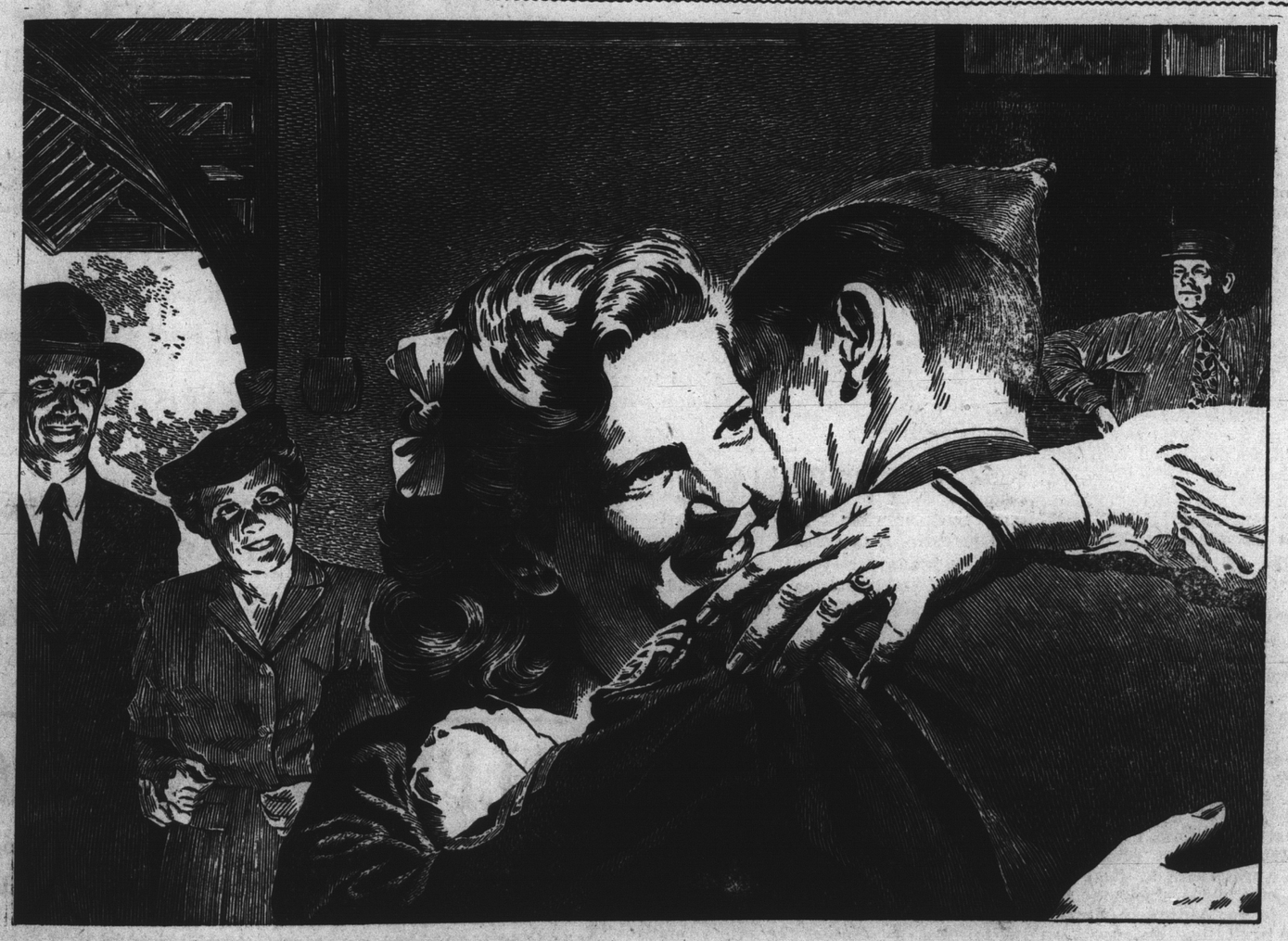
Sportsmen Hold Annual Dove Stew in Penn Valley

The 59th annual dove stew was held by the Grass Valley Sportsmen's Club in Casey's Grove in Penn Valley yesterday. A. M. Holmes, president of the club was official host to some 300 sportsmen.

Breakfast was served between 7 and 9 a. m. and dinner in mid afternoon. The Nevada County Band, under the baton of John Blamey, played at intervals during the day.

The club was organized in 1882 and during the first few years held rabbit hunts and served rabbit stews at the annual meeting. Since 1885, however, doves have been served as the chief feature of the menu.

Mrs. Annie Sherman returned recently from Oakland where she had spent five weeks. Mrs. Sherman's sister passed away and she remained for a visit with her niece.



Back to Elm Street, U.S.A.

Back from the business of killing—to the business of living!

Back from scenes of hatred, despair and destruction to a homeland of peace, hope and opportunity!

Millions of young Americans are coming back to thousands of farms—to thousands of peaceful Elm Streets in every city, town and village of America!

They've made up their minds to a lot of things while they've been away.

They've seen the suffering of homeless terrorized families—people who have lost their self-respect, their hope, their health—*everything.*

They've seen a large part of the world in ruins, because a few fanatical men sold "gold bricks" to millions of people who traded in their freedom for promises of security—for brightly painted pictures of a "planned economy" under an all-wise, all-powerful government.

And they want no part of that sort of thing here in America.

They want jobs. They want to plan their own lives. Make their own futures. Go places under their own power.

And we must give them that opportunity.

But to do it, wartime restrictions and controls must be removed from agriculture, business—*and the individual citizen*—as quickly as possible.

Farmers must be free to plant what they want, and as much as they want—without needless bureaucratic supervision.

Taxes must be adjusted so that money will be available to finance the change-over to peacetime production.

Greater incentives must be provided, so that workers can make *more* money, by making *more* goods for *more* people.

Mr. Private Citizen must be allowed to make money—and be free to invest it in business ventures of his own—or of others.

Prosperity has always come to America through the *growth* of production—not its restriction—on farms and in factories.

Profitable production *will make jobs* for the boys who are coming back. But business, labor, agriculture and an *understanding* government must *work together* to create it—hold it—and increase it.

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The Army-Navy E flag waves over seven Republic plants and the Maritime M floats over the Cleveland District plant.

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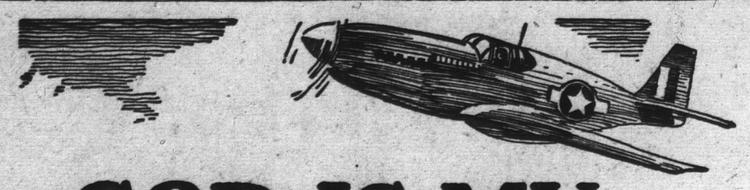


GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By Col. Robert L. Scott

W.N.U. RELEASE

CHAPTER III

Though I had flown before in the prehistoric crates of the past, this fact had nothing to do with whether or not I would get through the course. On the side against me was the fact that during my unsupervised flying I had doubtless developed many faults that were not for the Army pilot to be proud of. In a case like mine, some pilots think they know it all; therefore there is nothing to learn. Others make such an effort to please their instructors that this very eagerness works against them as their own worst enemy—the result of tenseness.

My case was more of this last order. I knew I could fly the ship but I tried to carry out my instructor's orders even before he gave them. I listened almost spellbound through our oral communications system in that primary trainer—that speaking-tube which we called a "gosport" and which at best was hard to understand over the rattle of that Wright Whirlwind engine. I used to try to read his mind, execute his every little whim. I even tried to outguess Lieutenant Landon and have the stick and rudder moving in the right direction before he could get the orders out of his mouth.

Now thereby hangs a tale. I was not only trying to look in his rear-view mirror and actually read his lips when I couldn't hear through the gosport, but was diligently looking about the sky for other hare-brained student pilots. He must have realized my eagerness, for he gave me every break—and for the many boners I pulled I needed lots of breaks.

One day, at a bare four-hundred feet altitude, I thought I heard the instructor say, "Okay, Scott, put it in a dive." I peered around first and then at the nearby ground, for it looked very low to be going into a dive. Then like a flash I thought I understood: Why, he's trying to see if I'm ground-shy—I'll show him I'm not.

With my teeth clenched and probably with my eyes closed, I pushed that PT-3 into a vertical dive at point-blank altitude. Just as the cotton fields down below seemed about to come right into my lap I felt Ted Landon grab the controls and saw him hastily point to his head with the sign that he was "taking over." We came out just over the mesquite trees, and he roughly slipped the ship into a bumpy landing in a cotton field. Then, while I was trying to add things up and realizing already that I had tied it up again, I saw Ted very methodically raise his goggles and with great deliberation climb out of the front cockpit. He glared at me but said sweetly enough:

"Scott, what in the g— d— hell are you trying to do—what was that maneuver? I said glide—G-L-I-D-E. Don't you at least know what a normal glide is in all this time?

Weakly I said, "Sir, I thought you said a dive." I could see Ted fight for control; then he told me the next time I had him at an altitude so low, not to attempt to think but just try to keep the ship straight and level.

On another day, after about two weeks of instruction, we had been making only take-offs and landings, and I knew the time was approaching when I would solo. As usual, that realization made me more and more tense as the end of the period neared. On the take-offs I'd tense up and forget all about holding the nose straight, and on the landings I'd jerk back on the stick instead of easing it slowly back into the approach to landing stall. All I could do was day-dream about: Here we are, Scott, just about to take over and prove to the world that we can do all of this by ourselves.

Around the field in traffic I couldn't hold the correct altitude, and my instructor was cussing a blue streak. He'd yell about my having graduated from West Point and say that he knew I was supposed to have some brains but he hadn't been able to find them. After each bumpy landing he'd look around at me and hold his nose—that was symbolic enough for me. I finally bounced into another landing that nearly jarred his teeth out. Then, as usual, he showed what a prince of a fellow he was, and showed me that an instructor had to become accustomed to students' making mistakes—knowledge which stood me in good stead years later when I became an instructor.

Lieutenant Landon got out of the front seat, taking his parachute with him, and I knew the moment of moments had come. As he leaned over my cockpit and reached inside the ship for the Form One, the time-book always carried in Army ships, I saw only his hand and thought he was offering to shake hands with me. So I grabbed the hand and shook it. He just grinned and growled:

"With landings like those I can do you very little good, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you kill me. Do you think you can take this thing around the field all by yourself and get it back down?"

"Yes, Sir," I yelled.

"Then take it around and make a landing as close to me as you can."

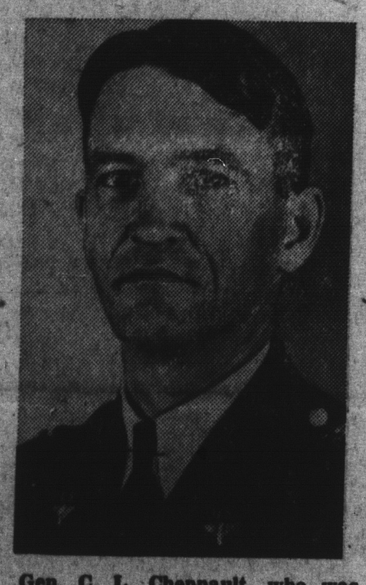
I had never felt so good. Taxying out I could see the world only in a rosy light. My head was really whirling. Pointing the ship into the wind, I over-controlled into a normal student takeoff and was in the air. Honestly, the living of this life was wonderful—here I was an actual Army Pilot with my own ship, and up here free from the shackles of the earth. I envied no one. Circling in traffic I'd "get my head in the clouds" and gain or lose altitude but that didn't matter. I was soloing.

Then, at the fourth leg of my traffic pattern, I began my glide in towards Lieutenant Landon. By the gods he had said, "Land as close to me as you can," and I was surely going to make that ship stop right by him—I wouldn't have my instructor being ashamed of his student. Even before I got to the moment to level off, I could see that I would land right on top of him. But the Lieutenant was running, throwing his parachute away just to get clear of a student who had really taken him literally.

Anyway, I missed him and plunked the ship into the ground after levelling off too high. Well, I held it straight and there was no ground - loop. As it stopped I breathed again, and I could feel the smile that cracked my face. A pilot! I had landed the ship and it was actually in one piece!

Looking back over my shoulder I saw Lieutenant Landon. He was just standing there about half a mile away. Then I made another mistake. He raised his hands and I thought he waved me in—I didn't know until the next day that he had been shaking his fist at me for trying to land right on him.

So I taxied in, never giving a thought to how my instructor was going to get in with his chute—you see, Randolph is a big field and I had left him more than a mile from our hangar. I had parked the plane and was in and beginning to dress when I began to realize what I had done. Looking out the window I could see him trudging across the hot soil of Texas, in the sun, with ships landing all around him. My Lord, I had tied it up again! I tried to get my feet back into my flying-suit, tripped and fell, got up and ran out of the hangar door. I guess I was going to take the ship and taxy out and pick him up. But I had lost again—the ship was being



Gen. C. L. Chennault, who was Colonel Scott's superior in Burma and China.

taken from the line by the next student. I just stood there with sinking heart as he came up. But he didn't even look my way, except to say, "It's kinda hot out there." Then he just glared and threw his chute in his locker.

Well, I nearly worried myself to death that night. I knew he'd more than likely tell me after the next day's ride that I was the damnedest student he'd ever seen, and that I didn't have a prayer of making a pilot. But next day he didn't say a word. All day I started to go over and tell him how sorry I was, but I guess I didn't have the nerve.

My time came to ride with him. We went out over the rolling hills of Texas, went through our chandelles and Lazy 8's—spins and stalls—shot a few landings. Then, as we put the ship down on Randolph Field, he taxied to the exact spot I had left him the day before. Looking back at me he said sweetly:

"Scott, you were kinda inaccurate in your landings yesterday. You get out and watch me. I'll show you what I wanted."

Getting out with a puzzled expression, I stood aside. First he pointed the tail at me and ran the ship up full gun, blowing Texas dust all over me. Then he took off and came around to land. Three times he did this, each time making me run like hell to get out of the way. Just as I was completely out of breath he landed, looked back at me, and began to taxy in to the hangars—leaving me to the long, hot walk across Randolph Field with the parachute.

I shall never forget the smile he wore as I trudged in past him where he sat smoking a cigar. His look spoke volumes, though he said nothing. I felt good, too, and happy. He could have used no better method to make me relax, to make me feel as though I had actually joined the brotherhood of Air Corps pilots. Next day I soloed again, but definitely remembered to taxy over and take him back to the line with me.

During my flying training, I had girl trouble, too. You would no doubt call it "trouble," but I knew it was the real thing. I had a Chevrolet then, and every week-end I just had to see my girl, even if she did live over thirteen hundred miles away in Georgia. To get to see her, I would drive that thirteen-hundred-odd miles to her college or her home in Fort Valley, spend anywhere from ten minutes to two hours with her, then jump back in the car and drive madly for Texas and the Monday morning flying period. I always had to delay my start until after Saturday morning inspection. That meant that I had to average just about fifty-four miles an hour, even counting the time I saw the girl, in the forty-seven hours that I had from after inspection on Saturday to flying time at eight o'clock Monday mornings!

Week-end after week-end I drove madly across the South from the middle of Texas to the middle of Georgia. On one of these cross-country dashes, I weakened and was fool enough to ask the Commandant of Student Officers if I could go to Atlanta. I can still see and hear Capt. Aubrey Strickland saying, "Atlanta what?" And me meekly replying, "Atlanta, Georgia, Sir." He just said, "Hell, no," and I turned and walked from his office with the good intention of obeying the order.

But within the hour I had weakened. I filled my rumble-seat tank, which held fifty-five gallons of fuel, and was off to see her for the short time available. (Yes, she was, and still is some girl.) On the return trip I burned out two bearings near Patterson, Louisiana. Jimmy Wedell, one of the well-known speed flyers, helped me to get it fixed after I explained the predicament I was in. But even with five of us working on the number one and number six bearings of the Chevy, I was twelve hours late getting back to Randolph Field.

As I walked into the bachelor officers' quarters that I shared with Bob Terrill, I expected any minute to hear the sad news. But I was too afraid to ask for details, so I just waited for Bob to say, "You are to report to the General tomorrow for court martial for A.W.O.L. in violation of specific instructions." Finally he put down his letter writing, looked at me almost in disgust, and broke out:

"Scott, you are the damned luckiest man that ever lived! You didn't get reported today. No! This is the first time in the history of Randolph Field that it's been too cold to fly. And it wasn't only too cold to fly, it was too cold to have ground school, because the heating system had failed. We haven't flown today, we haven't been to ground school. So they don't even know that you've been over there to see that girl."

In all of these trips to see my girl over in Georgia, I drove 84,000 miles. I wore out two cars—and you'll probably agree that her father had full right to say to her: "Why don't you go on and marry him? It'll be far cheaper than his driving over here every week-end." But I found that I still had some talking to do.

When I had finished Primary and Basic training at Randolph, I almost let down my hair and wept, though, on the day that Commandant of Student Officers called over and said that now I could have permission to go to Georgia, to see my girl. I thanked him and went, but I of course didn't have the heart to tell him that I had been heel enough to go many times before, in secret.

* * *

Well, when graduation came at Kelly and I had those wings pinned on my chest, I had the wonderful feeling that I had gone a little way towards the goal I wanted. I was at last an Army pilot. Never did the world seem so good. And then out of a clear sky came orders for me to go to duty in Hawaii. That was pretty bad because I wanted to get married before I went out of the country, and as yet the girl hadn't gotten her degree from college. Probably if I had gone to Hawaii, I would have figured out some way to have flown a P-12 back over every week—but I didn't have to do it after all.

The Chief of the Air Corps came down a few days later and I waited until he had had lunch in the Officers' Mess. Then I walked over and said, "General, can I ask you a question?" "Sure, sit down," he said, and I told him the whole story—and I made it like this: "General, I know that I'm supposed to go where I'm sent because I'm in the Army, but I've got a girl over in Georgia, and I think I can do a lot better job wherever you send me if you can give me time to talk her into marrying me." He didn't appear to be very impressed at first, but he took my name and serial number, and two or three days later, when he got back to Washington, I was ordered to Mitchel Field, New York.

As I drove my car towards my first tactical assignment I kept reaching up to feel my silver wings on my chest—I wanted to prove that it wasn't a dream. This was what I had been working for since 1920. Now I was actually riding towards the glory of tactical Army aviation.

I recall that I had just about completed the trip to Long Island, when something happened that will keep me remembering the fall of 1933.

Just before I reached the Holland Tunnel, I was suddenly forced to the curb by three cars all bristling with sawed-off shotguns and Tommy-guns. I jumped out pretty mad, but saw that many guns were covering me and that it was the police. They looked at my papers, but said anyone could have mimeographed orders. They searched the car and me, took down the Texas license number, and even copied the engine number. All the time I tried to talk with the flashlights in my eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS IN GLOBAL WAR

Lloyd Veale—

Sgt. Lloyd Veale, Grass Valley young man, in chemical warfare, is now in France. He spent several months in England and landed in Normandy on D-day with other U. S. armed forces. Before leaving here his engagement to Miss Catherine Tognarelli, now employed by the Tahoe national forest, was announced.

John Filler—

John Filler, in the U. S. navy, has written his wife that he is somewhere in the South Pacific. He left the United States a month ago. Mrs. Filler and two sons have rented a home on upper Boulder street and will remain here until her husband returns. He was employed by local business houses before leaving here.

Stenger Williamson—

Stenger Williamson, U. S. Army technician, home on sick leave, after several months spent in England at a base near London, declares that the English people treated the Americans hospitably and were kindly in all their relations. He says that so far as his work is concerned he traded his job in the Service Garage here for a job in the Army garages in England. Williamson is a voluntary inductee, and underwent surgery in order to be able to join the armed forces for his country. At present he is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia and must report in a few days to an army hospital at Palo Alto.

PERSONALS

Mrs. J. O'Donnell, formerly a Sierra County resident came up from San Francisco for a week ened visit in Nevada City and Grass Valley.

Mrs. A. Vierra of Stockton, who resided here many years, called on Nevada City and Grass Valley relatives and friends Sunday.

Mrs. Dudley Pederson returned to Nevada City Saturday evening with her husband, who remained over until this morning and returned to his work in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Williams and children of Park evenue spent Sunday in Placerville visiting their daughter and son in law Mr. and Mrs. T. Jansen and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Griffith of Goodyears Bar were business visitors in this city Friday.

Chris Peterson operator of a local service station, suffered an attack of illness and was not able to return to his work. early this past week.

Vernon Hatch, who has spent his vacation here with his grandmother, Mrs. Minnie Young, will leave Sunday for his parents home in Mill Valley. He will accompany his aunt Mrs. Walter Williams and son, who are returning to their home in Oakland, after a visit here.

Mrs. Matilda Amstein who has spent three months in the bay region has returned to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Syms. Mrs. Amstein was able to see her nephew James Parker, who is stationed at Indianapolis. He was in Berkeley on a furlough.

Mrs. E. T. Powell is spending some time in Sacramento with her daughter and husband in the interests of her health.

PICNIC IN PIONEER PARK

The juvenile group of Cahmpion Circle, Neighbors of Woodcraft, held a picnic in Pioneers Park Friday afternoon: Fifteen children in the party enjoyed wennies, salads, ice cream and cookies. and then went wading in the nearby stream. The party was given specially in honor of the birthday of Ronald Tobiassen, son of Sheriff and Mrs. C. J. Tobiassen. Mrs. Jane Baker is leader of the juvenile group. Assisting her were Mrs. C. J. Tobiassen, Mrs. Faith Kessinger, Mrs. Neva Schance and daughter.

HOST BREAKFAST

Judge George L. Jones, William Durbrow, manager of the Nevada Irrigation District, and George W. Hallock, member of the State Mining Board, on Saturday attended the Host Breakfast, an annual event, in Sacramento.

More than 400, representing all parts of the state, were there. The breakfast in former times preceded the state fair in Sacramento. Since war and the suspension of the great state exposition, the breakfast has been continued anyway. Governor Earl Warren was one of the speakers.

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For your active support and sincere expressions for our success in the recent hearing held by the California Railroad Commission at Grass Valley.

Your presence there, and your letters commending our action in seeking to bring our service to your communities, are greatly appreciated.

A modern bus transportation service, such as we have proposed, will bring you many advantages, and it is our sincere desire to be able to provide it for you.

As soon as the California Railroad Commission permits us, we promise you a transportation service between Marysville, Grass Valley and Nevada City that will be worthy of your splendid efforts on our behalf.

Again, we thank you.